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## Bonaparte Made the Salad

How One King Was Condemned. "Death—Without Phrases." A Coward of Blood Royal.

As the plenipotentiaries of Germany, marching under the white flag, went to meet Marshal Foch, American soldiers were capturing Sedan, the fortified place that stands out in the French disaster of 1870, and the wind-up of the Bonaparte imperial family in the person of Napoleon Third.

Not so many years before Napoleon Third was sitting in a little French restaurant back of the Stewart building, in New York city. Greeley and Raymond were at the luncheon. Raymond said: "Let Bonaparte make the salad, he's a Frenchman."

Napoleon Third made the salad, talked of his plans, and later Greeley said: "Bonaparte is fool enough to believe that he will live to be Emperor of the French."

Bonaparte did become the third Napoleon, and enjoyed himself for a while. Sedan killed him, and he was lucky to die a natural death.

Now American soldiers take Sedan from the Germans. It is a world of changes and surprises. What would Greeley have said, as he watched Bonaparte stirring the lettuce leaves that day, if a fortune teller had predicted: "This man will be Napoleon Third; Germany will destroy him, and America will send two million men and fifty billions of dollars to undo the German victory and restore conquered territory to France?"

What will be done with the two Emperors, Charles and William, when the people of Austria and Germany make up their minds?

You read of rebellions spreading across the whole northern part of Germany, the great German fleet seized by mutinous sailors, going out to sea under the red flag.

Hamburg, once a free city, utterly ruined by the war, seeks a new kind of freedom on the Russian pattern through the mob.

What will happen to the Emperors? To what extent will history repeat the events of the French Revolution and the fate of the feeble, well-meaning Louis?

His history tells how a people enraged gradually turn to killing.

At first he appeared before the mob wearing their tricolor; now the red, white, and blue of the French Republic.

He tried to run away and was brought back. He went to visit the National Assembly, foolishly thinking his people still loved him. Mirabeau advised that he be received "with a sullen respect."

"The silence of the people," said Mirabeau, "is the lesson of Kings." Nobody imagined then that the King was to die, with his wife and thousands of their nobles.

Soon the deputies of France sat at a solemn tribunal, deciding upon the punishment of the King. Many invented fine phrases for the occasion. Here are some of them to remind you how the people act in a vengeful mood:

Sieyes, formerly a vicar general, now a revolutionary politician, used only one word, *Mort*—death. No fine phrase there.

Bancal, merciful, voted: "Exile: I wish to see the first king in the world condemned to earn his living."

Carnot, one of the really great men of France, voted "Death, and never did word weigh so heavily upon my heart."

Lavicomterie voted: "Death; while the tyrant breathes liberty stifles."

He liked a fine phrase.

Gentil found the wisest comment when he voted to spare the King's life and keep him in seclusion, saying: "To make a Charles First is to make a Cromwell."

He meant that the English, when they beheaded Charles, got a sterner ruler in Cromwell. And it was not long before Napoleon followed easy-going Louis Sixteenth to send the French marching and dying all over Europe.

Paganel, voting for death, said: "A king is of use only by his death."

Albouis voted: "Banishment; let this living specter go out to stalk among thrones."

Chailion said: "I will not commit a murder, that Rome may be a saint."

Zangiacomi suggested: "Let us keep Capet alive for a scarecrow."

Most interesting of all was the vote of the Duke of Orleans, first prince of the blood royal, who condemned his cousin to death with these words: "Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all who have attacked or shall attack hereafter the sovereignty of the people merit death, I vote for death."

That was the most cowardly word in the whole trial, and it came from a royal prince condemning his own flesh and blood to death in order to save his own skin.

When the blowing of horns, the celebrating of peace and the reading of the terms are over, you will have news from Europe, interesting, surprising and painful. Hatreds stored up in a people are ugly, when they come rushing out with the power of a great reservoir bursting through its wall. A surprised man will be the Kaiser when he learns what hate has been accumulating below his throne during four years of hope deferred and promises broken.

## On Their Way



## Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

SOME women are "born mothers."

We all know that. And we are all sufficiently worshippers of the beautiful maternal principle to admire these women profoundly and to recognize that their children are blessed.

This, of course, in case they marry. But women who have by nature the wonderful gift of mothering don't always marry, by any means. And in that case we pay a great deal less attention to them and sometimes disregard their gift altogether.

Now, inasmuch as so many born mothers remain single, and as those who marry are unfortunately rather a small percentage of all mothers, it comes about that a multitude of babies who deserve better of life fall into pretty inexperienced hands.

It happens all the time that really high-grade babies, babies who look and act as if they knew the difference, become the charge of hopeless amateur mothers—mothers who didn't learn anything about mothering in advance, and who probably never will learn very much through experience.

That is to say, true motherhood isn't a physical thing. You can be the parent of a child without being its mother in the sense I mean. You have to make an effort and learn how.

Motherhood Untaught.

And this, I think, because we women have had a totally wrong attitude about motherhood all these years. Mothers, even the best ones, haven't felt any obligation to teach mother-wisdom to their daughters. Even when they have patiently taught them house-

keeping, even when they have insinuated a good deal of age-old instruction as to the deft secret management of husbands, they have never breathed a word as to the science and the art of motherhood.

The idea has been that women become mothers by a sort of miracle, without the slightest preliminary training. The sight of their first baby, the sound of his earliest cry, has been supposed not only to fill their hearts with a big, sufficing mother-love, which perhaps it does, but to fill their brains with an encyclopedic amount of very special knowledge in regard to child food, child clothing, child hygiene, child training, and all the rest of it. But have you ever known a case where this happened?

Women who are ignorant about the proper care of children before their baby comes, are unfortunately just as much so afterward. And these are the cases in which the baby and nature together have to get along as best they can.

What we need is an ever so much more general education of girls for motherhood. Not a sentimental, but a practical education.

The Risk of Births.

Babies oughtn't to have to take the terrific risk they do in being born. It isn't fair to them. Where there is one chance that a baby will happily drop into the

### TODAY'S TOPIC HOW TO BE A GOOD MOTHER.

lap of a parent with a natural gift for mothering, there must be at least nine chances that he will make a connection with a mother whose talents run to housekeeping or to office work, and who won't know any more about milk bottles and infant psychology than its father does.

We know now that the old way of leaving these most important matters to chance was a very serious mistake, and that it has cost the lives of nobody knows how many babies. I wish every young mother were so convinced of this that she would see that her first baby didn't find her unprepared. Not that she isn't sure to make some sort of preparation. She will embroider its dresses and hemstitch its pillow slips and crochet lace for its bonnet. But I mean sensible preparations, preparations that are really in the interest of the baby's health and all-around well-being.

It is true that as conditions now are, a young woman must bestir herself more or less to acquire this special education. It isn't anybody's business in particular, to see that she gets it. There aren't any official channels through which she can get it—that is, all of it, though the Children's Bureau at Washington does a great deal, and in the larger cities highly useful maternity centers are developing.

Community Babies.  
But far-seeing people say that

a day is coming when all this will be changed, when States and communities will stand ready to help mothers with their motherhood. For, after all, the community ought to be just as much interested in having healthy babies born and well brought up, as the motherhood is. Perhaps even more so. So why shouldn't it smooth the way?

There are various ways of doing this. State schools of motherhood have been spoken of, where every young girl of eighteen or twenty could get a year's instruction at the State's expense, in this business of mothering.

Think of the saving, in health, and in time and in strength and in pure joy, if every young mother were trained for her job. Think of the panics, and the baby-sicknesses, and the maternal breakdowns, that could be avoided, and the strong men and women that would be saved to the world!

Another scheme that has been a great deal discussed is that of a grant from the State to every mother for every baby. By this pleasant arrangement the State would be a godfather to every child and no mother would be prevented for lack of money from giving her baby a good start in life.

By all means, there is promise of better, safer days ahead for babies. Meanwhile, are you the kind of mother that a really wise and enlightened baby would like to begin life with?

If not, why not make haste to put yourself in this desirable class?

## Make Transfers as Widespread As Possible

By BILL PRICE.

The Utilities Commission, which is going into the question of free intercompany transfers for patrons of Washington's car lines, should not hesitate to direct the issuance of these transfers at as many points as possible without crippling the companies financially and producing a situation that will furnish just foundation or flimsy excuses for another demand for increase in car fares.

The evidence presented at the first hearing by experts of the commission indicated that money losses to the companies would not be large under extensive plans of transfers, but the companies are to have opportunity this week to offer their claims.

It is pretty well known that in conferences representatives of the companies had with members of the Utilities Commission prior to the hearing for increased fares they left the impression that they would make no objection to transfers on a scale that would be satisfactory to Washington people.

It behooves the representatives of these companies, in view of the fair attitude of the Washington public in agreeing to an increase of fares to 5 cents straight, to co-operate to the fullest extent in giving and accepting transfers at every point where the public may be benefited by shortened rides and rapid transit to points of destination. That means something to people who have suffered and stood for much in the way of bad service.

Suggestions that at some crossings transfers should be charged for at 1 or 2 cents each to offset possible financial losses will not be popular. Rather than do this it would be better for the commission to limit the number of transfer points at present until the actual results of the operations of free transfers are fully ascertained, which would not be difficult in the course of three or four months. Then, if the losses are comparatively small, the number of points may be increased.

It is clearly admitted that people in portions of the city reached by one car company only should have access by free transfers to those parts of the city covered solely by the competing line, and that wherever the public may be expedited in reaching their work or their homes, transfers should be issued. Wherever transfers would result in increased congestion, bring abuse of round trips on one fare or simply save a few blocks in leg exercise they should be denied.

It will be hard to believe that a small charge for transfers is necessary at any point, and before that question is raised for decision a thorough trial of a widespread system of FREE TRANSFERS should be authorized. No railway will be severely hurt by the fullest sort of trial. Facts and not bunk must govern.

The facts so far favor giving the people something real in return for the many concessions they have yielded, and for which they do not see many tangible results to their benefit.

## HEARD AND SEEN

Famous Coon Hunters of Washington.

Among the 100 or more famous coon hunters of Washington who took part in Commissioner Gardiner's noted coon hunt Saturday night on his Prince George's County farm were the following:

POSTMASTER M. O. CHANCE.  
CAPT. J. F. OYSTER.  
WADE COOPER.  
RED GRAM.  
CLIFF HERRIMAN.  
WADE ELLIS.  
W. P. RICHARDS.  
J. G. McGRATH.  
ADMIRAL PEPPLES.  
B. F. SAUL.  
JOHN POOLE.  
HARVEY GIVEN.  
RINGOLD HART.  
W. F. HAM.  
GEORGE W. WHITE.  
JUDGE AUKAM.  
KING CORNWELL.  
RALPH LEE.  
DR. A. J. CARRICO.  
SAM FRAZIER.

D. S. PORTER, despite his eighty-three years, was among the most active and lively of the distinguished gathering.

The coon hunters, headed by Commissioner GARDINER, who welcomed them at his beautiful country home, four miles south of T. B., were attired in orthodox hunting uniforms. The real coon hunters carried kerosene oil lanterns, but JOHN POOLE and several others were equipped with powerful pocket searchlights.

Divided in squads they followed guides. MERRITT CHANCE's party had a "ousted gentleman" as guide. He became warmed up and lit up early in the evening and led them around in a circle until they came in at midnight.

One possum was landed and the coons captured by all of the various squads looked something like this:

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HOWARD GORDON, of Forest Glen, sends in the hottest roast of the W. R. and E. and the Utilities Commission coming to this desk in a long time. He goes so far as to call it the Utilities Commission. He ridicules the idea that there should have been an increased fare and says things so hot that they sizzle.

Here's one—"The sooner we have public sentiment solidified and not controlled by alleged business men whose sole interest is profit, and the sooner we have real citizens' organizations and not little mutual admiration societies, made up men who imagine because they have sold goods and made a little money they have thereby become the receptacle of all earthly wisdom, the sooner we will have a real, co-operative and efficient community. There are more orators in the square inch in Washington than there were in Paris during the French revolution."

CHARLES S. GABLE, secretary of the Washington chapter of the American Institute of Banking, is right in feeling pleased with the interesting educational program for that organization for the season of 1918-19. The program includes a practical banking course for men and women, consisting of twenty-two lessons.

MISS NETTIE M. ORME and MRS. C. M. MADEBT, navy women, have the honor of being the first women members admitted to Garrison 104 of the Army and Navy Union.

LOUIS BROWNLOW is having a new suit of clothes made.

A most efficient committee had charge of the opening and dedicatory exercises for the Knights of Columbus hut—P. J. HALTIGAN, W. G. FEELEY, LEO F. STUCK, CHARLES W. DARR, and MICHAEL J. DRISCOLL. That hut will make many a soldier boy feel at home.

Four men, who have reason to be puffed up but are not—JACK BOOBAR, HOWARD PHILLIPS, EUGENE ADAMS, and ROE FULKERSON. The first two headed the committee of the Kiwanis Club for the last Liberty bond campaign. Aided by their co-workers, they turned in subscriptions for \$1,320,560. ADAMS and FULKERSON are high lights of this organization.

CAPTAIN HELLDORF is the name of the German courier who carried the allied peace terms to Spa for transmission to Berlin. "Seems that all these Teutons have held off too long for their own good," writes B. S. M.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE has important meeting Tuesday at 9 p. m., 611 Twelfth street.

Mrs. M. B. N. jumps on the Washington laundries for present high prices, and says she thinks the Washington housewife deserves some consideration from some direction.

She declares that the OCTOBER GAS BILLS were unduly high, despite economies in cooking and lighting. "I am willing to pay my just debts, but do not wish to make presents under compulsion," she writes. Gas company officials take notice.

CHARLIE LANCASTER fears that the Republicans have got in bad by dividing the responsibilities with the Democrats of running the country during the next two years. He thinks it would have been better had they let the Democrats carry the "safe load for a while longer."

## A Polar Eden Described By Aid of Science

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THE story of the explorer, Stefansson, who has discovered, between the north end of North America and the North Pole, an island larger than Ireland, where there is an abundance of coal, revives the old wonder-tale of geology about a time, when the polar regions of the earth bloomed with an almost tropical splendor of life, both animal and vegetable. In calling this a wonder-tale I do not mean to intimate that it is a fiction. On the contrary, its truth has been demonstrated over and over again, and Stefansson simply brings us another bit of evidence to further substantiate it.

Around both ends of the earth's axis grew carboniferous plants in such abundance that subsequent ages have changed them into beds of coal. Such beds, as far as they have been discovered, lie, of course, only on the borders of the ice, but it is clear that the rocks

in which they are contained run under the icecaps, and there is no reason why they may not extend to the poles. If the obliquity of the ecliptic was nearly the same then as it is now (and the known causes of its variation do not admit of its ever having been very great), the poles themselves would have been the very places of highest temperature within it to retain more solar heat? Or did the earth at that time traverse a region of space where a higher temperature prevailed? Or, owing to changes in the level and arrangement of different parts of the crust of the globe, were warm oceanic currents directed into the

matic effects similar to those now ascribed to the Gulf Stream along the northwestern coast of Europe? Or was the axis of the earth in a different position from that which it occupies at present? All these and other suggestions have been put forth and argued, but none has been generally accepted as satisfactory.

If the phenomenon was due to geological changes, it may recur, but if it arose from astronomical causes, which are usually periodic in their action, it is possible that a similar state of affairs around the poles may return at some remote future day.

The tremendous character of the changes that have taken place since the epoch of the flowering poles is strikingly illustrated by the state of affairs on and around the great Antarctic Continent today. There is a land half as large again as all Europe, heaved up so high that its average elevation above sea-level is twice as great as that of any other continent on

the earth, buried under ice thousands of feet in thickness, with only scattered peaks of rock projecting up through the icy mantle, and almost ceaselessly whipped by snow-driving tempests at a temperature 50 degrees below zero, while its barren coasts, ten thousand miles in circuit, are in many places themselves crowned with lofty cliffs of eternal ice. Yet where the rocks of that frost-blasted continent, which is habitated as thickly as Europe, might hold 500 million people, show through the snow, they exhibit to the astonished eye of the geologist the fossilized remains of plants and animals that cannot live except in a genial climate, which tell only of sunshine, warm spheria, flowing waters, mirror lakes, soft blue skies, grassy glades, scented forests, flower-dotted fields, and flocks of animated beings, in that place which is now a glittering expanse of crystalline desolation, a vast white tomb crowning the buried world.